August 26, 1967

Mr. James J. Rowley
Director, United States Secret Service
Washington, D. C. 20226

Dear Mr. Rowley:

Your letter of August 22 is not responsive to mine of August 3. I regret this very much, for it seems that by its every act since the assassination the government makes it and the subsequent tragedy greater, more painful, and, ultimately, more costly to it and to public confidence in government.

Had you complained of a single factual error, a single misstatement of fact of any kind, no matter how minor, or of even an unfair interpretation in what I wrote you, your denial might have more meaning, general as it is.

My letter is specific. It does not deal in generalities. It specifies what evidence, what files, what documents.

I think it is likely that you do not understand what motivates me or what I seek, although there are without doubt those in your Service who can give you a pretty good idea, for they are aware of some of the things I have done to preserve reputations, to correct slanders against them. I seek only the truth. I tell you right out I do not find it in your letter. The best I can say for that is that you tried to whistle me past the cemetery.

Evasions, circumlocutions and non sequiturs will no longer work.

I do not know if you understand the additional and unnecessary tragedy wrought by the improper disposition of some government property that was in the custody of the Secret Service. I believe that you soon will and will regret it, regardless of where the responsibility lies.

In any event, those things of which I wrote you <u>were</u> in the possession of the Secret Service, <u>are</u> government property, <u>are</u> required to be in the National Archives and <u>are not there</u>. They cannot properly be in any non-government hands, and wherever they were on October 31, 1966, and have been since, they were required to have been transferred to the National Archives. If they are not now in your possession, you know what you did with them.

Can our government and its officials do nothing about the assassination that does not make this unhappy event even more tragic?

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg